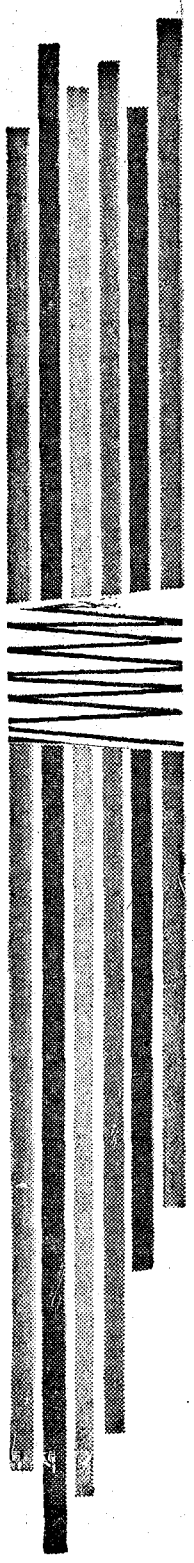
Henrik Ibsen on Lincoln

THE NATION

February 16, 1963 . . 25c



The Tax-Cut Mirage

George T. Altman

War at the Arms Trough

THE COMING POLITICS OF DISARMAMENT

Fred J. Cook

Malpractice Suits

CAN the PATIENT RECOVER?

Richard H. Blum

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LETTERS

Astonishing reply

New York City

Dear Sirs: In the fascinating review of Paul Scofield's *King Lear* [The Nation, Jan. 26], your distinguished drama critic, Mr. Harold Clurman, attributes to the dancer, Vaslav Nijinsky, the question that propelled Diaghilev's famous answer, which was, in fact, the philosophical principle of the international Russian ballet for the next twenty years.

It was not Nijinsky who put the question. Jean Cocteau, in April of 1909, was crossing the Place de la Concorde with Diaghilev. The eighteen-year-old boy had done some posters for the first season of the *Ballet Russe* which, while effective, were not exactly revolutionary. Cocteau asked the Russian what he wished of him. Diaghilev replied: *"Etonne-moi."*

Lincoln Kirstein

Peace and politics

New York City

Dear Sirs: I enjoyed Roger Hagan's informed and thoughtful article on "Peace at the Polls" in your Feb. 2 issue. The facts as he presents them show how really serious is our problem. Nobody in the United States has tried much harder or longer than I to build up a third party. You must remember that we Socialists heartily supported coalition. I wanted a farmer-labor party in 1924, so I know something about the general difficulties in this field.

I was amused at George Benson's letter about Harding College in the same issue of *The Nation*. He could hardly have defined the ultra-Right better than he does in this letter. I was present when one of his faculty at a meeting boasted that the college had prepared *Communism on the Map*, a film which is ultra-Right, ultra-stupid and ultra-incorrect.

Norman Thomas

Tenure at MSU

Rochester, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Re your editorial, "Dissent, *Si*; Dissenter, *No*" [*The Nation*, Dec. 22, 1962], concerning Dr. Samuel Shapiro's loss of tenure at Michigan State University, I feel that *The Nation* deserves brickbats instead of bouquets for illiberally defending what it conceives of as a liberal issue. I personally doubt that academic freedom was involved in this case.

I, too, believe that I am a liberal. I have signed many petitions, including an academic-freedom one (for reinstating Professors Moses I. Finley and Abraham Glasser at Rutgers in 1951). But now I have cause to wonder about you, about me, and about all of us with so many common concerns. I wonder: to what extent are our ranks populated by dogmatists who commit their energy with very little concern for facts?

Professor Shapiro is a strong critic of American policy toward Cuba. I have heard him air his views on this subject. He is hardly my choice for a spokesman on this issue, though I *fully share* his views on it. Personally, I would not vote to give him tenure, since I believe now that his style of presentation is inimical to liberal education objectives. Such a decision would not be a violation of academic freedom.

Fortunately, I have become acquainted with some of the men who were directly involved in the decision. These men are as vitally concerned with academic freedom as you or I. . . . There are many *valid academic* and *personal* reasons that can and *should be* grounds for determining tenure that have nothing to do with political differences—and as far as I can see, they were operative and determinative here.

The liberal should not be so quick to condemn. Perhaps an investigation was in order, but surely accusation was not.

Theodore L. Becker
Asst. Professor of Political Science
Michigan State University Oakland

Rochester, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Professor Becker and I have never met. He came to MSU only six weeks before the decision not to grant me tenure. Most of the people involved in that decision decided I was not a scholar without reading my book. Professor Becker would deny me tenure without knowing me at all!

Samuel Shapiro

In connection with Dr. Becker's comment, Nation readers may find interesting the following extract from The Organizational Society, *by Robert Presthus (Knopf, 1962):*

"Michigan State University, one of the largest Midwestern institutions, provides another example of turnover among publicly supported institutions. . . . From August, 1956, through June, 1959, according to official university figures, 524 members of a faculty which averaged about 1,200 left the institution—a 44 per cent turnover during the three-year period. . . . There is a widespread belief in university circles that turnover at MSU is excessive in certain fields. Indeed, in one social-science department, fully eighteen members of a full-time faculty averaging twenty-seven men (instructors through full professors) resigned during the same three-year period."

Editors

THE NATION

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Confrontation with Reality

Since a few years after World War II, when the cold war began in earnest and was coupled with the nuclear race, the U.S. military, and particularly the Air Force, have pursued the *ignis fatuus* of nuclear security. If we only manufactured enough nuclear megatonnage, the reasoning went, and had it always on tap, we would be safe. The enemy could strike us with all he had and only a fraction of our retaliatory force might survive, but if the total were big enough, even that fraction would insure the total destruction of the Soviet homeland. That, and only that, could insure our survival.

This concept, buttressed by hundreds of thousands of computer-hours and elaborated by nuclear intellectuals who dwelt comfortably with megadeath, has now been grievously damaged by Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara. He has not utterly forsaken it: his five-year program provides for 950 solid-fueled Minuteman ICBMs in hardened silos, 41 Polaris submarines carrying 656 missiles, 108 liquid-fueled Titan ICBMs, the present arsenal of Atlases and manned bombers, and miscellaneous hardware. But, in his testimony before the House Armed Services Committee, Mr. McNamara also served notice that more armaments, whether offensive or defensive, cannot get us off the horns of the dilemma on which we and the Soviet Union are jointly impaled. As we harden our land striking forces, they harden theirs. As we develop submarines which can lurk in all the oceans and launch their missiles under water, they do the same. They have a first-strike force, we have a first-strike force. Neither side believes the other's assurances that it will never, never strike first, so each develops a second-strike force. The Soviet second-strike capacity is not yet developed as highly as our own, but the time is not far off, McNamara says, when "even if we were to double and triple our forces, we would not be able to destroy quickly all, or almost all, of the hardened ICBM sites. And even if we could do that, we know no way to destroy the enemy's missile-launching submarines at the same time."

This is clear, cogent and candid. It is not speculation, it is not surmise; it comes from a first-rate instrumental mind with access to all the facts. It means that the first-strike solution with which some of the military intellectuals have been toying is a chimera and, worse, an invitation to disaster. As a practical matter, a first strike is conceivable only in the realm of psychopathology, or if the safeguards should fail and the war should start by some unforeseeable accident and through panic and misunderstanding be impossible to stop.

Although the Secretary excels the professional military thinkers in thinking capacity and knows it (which is why he rides over them roughshod so frequently), he too has thought wishfully in the past and is only now shedding his last illusions. Last June, in his Ann Arbor speech, he held out some hope that, if the war came, it might be confined to military objectives—one aspect of the "counterforce" theory. He seems to have given up that wistful objective to which *The Nation*, for one, never gave the slightest credence. The cities of neither the United States nor the Soviet Union can survive a nuclear war. And cities are civilization as we have known it in the past or can conceive it in the future.

Thus the great powers are locked in a state of mutual deterrence which is as expensive as it is precarious. The ordinary citizen goes on about his business, uncomplainingly paying the bills and feeling as helpless as the toad under the harrow. But at least, as *The Washington Post* puts it, "we cannot say that the man who knows more than any other about our defense misleads us into the false belief that there is any safety to be had in the arms which it is his duty to provide."

The Canadian Election

If Mr. Diefenbaker can bring himself to take a forthright stand against Canadian participation in the nuclear-arms race, he might score an upset victory in the Parliamentary election now scheduled in his country for April. In any case, he would perform a real service for Canada, and perhaps for the cause of world peace, if he gave the voters a clear-cut option on whether they wanted nuclear arms or a continuation of their country's reliance on conventional arms and its traditional policy of strong support for the United Nations backed up by skillful diplomacy. Fought on such an issue, the election might also prove instructive to American public opinion and a real aid to improving Canadian-American relations, at the moment strongly in need of clarification.

The difficulty is that Mr. Diefenbaker is likely to befog the issue and confuse the voters by running, not against Lester Pearson, but against Uncle Sam. Even if he should take a strong principled position, his opponents may confuse the issue by hedging or by trying to evade it. The fact is that most responsible leaders of Canadian opinion are either opposed to the acceptance of nuclear arms, or have strong reservations about it. Recent Canadian polls have shown a slight preference in favor of acceptance, but all parties are divided to some extent on the issue, and the "pro" sentiment, as measured in the polls, may be largely based on a perfectly understandable annoyance with Diefenbaker's handling of the matter. Even Mr. Pearson is probably opposed to acceptance, although he has said that Canada must honor its commitments. Should his party win, it would not necessarily mean that Canada would accept nuclear warheads as a

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matter of paramount policy. Mr. Pearson might first try to negotiate a non-acceptance pact with Washington; or, perhaps, he might accept the warheads temporarily with an agreement for their ultimate removal.

Canadian opinion, rather like official opinion in Washington, is annoyed with Diefenbaker's equivocal attitude, and most voters would probably relish a chance to vote squarely on the issue. But it will be a miracle if they are given the chance. In Canada, as in this country, the easy way for the politician is to give the voters a choice of men or slogans, never of principles or issues. But, in this instance, it may be that Washington's tactless prodding will force Mr. Diefenbaker to take a principled stand. In such a case, it may turn out that Washington will have more reason than ever to regret its tactlessness.

The California Story

Now that California has emerged as the No. 1 state in population—it topped the 17 million mark sometime during the Thanksgiving-Christmas period—*no* harm can come from disclosing the secret formula for its success. The formula is simple: population equals power. At the turn of the century, Southern California began to use its attractive climate to lure well-heeled migrants from the Middle West in ever-increasing droves. To most of them California's fine wines were repulsive; they preferred spring water. But, as an early settler said, if you fell into the Los Angeles River you came out dusty. So the Southern California tycoons reached out and grabbed the water—"stole" would not be too harsh a term—first from Owens Valley (300 miles distant) and later from the Colorado River. More water meant still more people who needed still more water. However, it was happily discovered that the new population added to the state's power to hold on to its ill-gotten water supplies.

More recently, the state has used the lure of its climate to build up an enormous pool of scientific, technical and engineering manpower, in and out of its universities, which has been a major factor in attracting defense industries and defense contracts. The prosperity generated by defense spending naturally attracted additional new residents at the rate of 1,700 a day; and this in turn, has meant more home building, more customers, greater purchasing power, etc. Currently, as Fred J. Cook points out in this issue (page 131), other states are belatedly discovering that California has the largest share of defense spending and defense research, with a fine head start in know-how, trained personnel, plants and other facilities. In an effort to catch up, Massachusetts is getting up a new Space Age center in Boston, Governor Rockefeller proposes that New York should build a first-rate center of science and technology, and various Midwest and Middle Atlantic communities—Pittsburgh, for example—are doing the same. But this activity comes much too late and—more important—it ignores a vital aspect of the California story.

Shortly after the first of the year, Jesse Unruh, speaker of the California Assembly ("Big Daddy," as he is known in Sacramento), chartered a jet airliner and brought the California Democratic delegation—including the new members (courtesy 1960 census)—to Washington for a big party that brought "gasps" of awe and admiration from Washington's normally gasp-proof newsmen and politicos. "Everyone" was there. "I haven't seen a power play like this since the Kennedys won the nomination in the Los Angeles convention," remarked one Eastern Congressman. The purpose of this muscle-flexing was made abundantly clear. "The California Democrats," John H. Averill reported to the *Los Angeles Times*, "are making no bones about protecting government contracts allotted to California, chiefly in defense and space, and getting more." In parading the new Congressmen, Rep. Harry R. Sheppard, dean of the delegation, pointedly observed that California is now not merely the No. 1 state in population, it is also the No. 1 state in Congressional power; and, he might have added, in delegate strength and electoral votes, as well.

The current California muscle-flexing may be new in Washington; it is not new in the West. Many years ago Arizona learned that population means power—social, economic and political—and that the various forms of power are mutually reinforcing. It will not be easy to cut down California's share of defense spending. The California story needs to be better known—in the East and Middle West.

The Nonagon

Last December, a few days after Morocco promulgated its new Constitution guaranteeing freedom of religion, the regime of King Hassan II rounded up a group of the Baha'i religious sect, sentencing three to death, five to life imprisonment and one to fifteen years in prison. The charge was heresy, which was construed as a threat to the security of the state. The trial was held in an obscure town in the Rif region, but news of it soon leaked out, and the affair caused so much indignation abroad, and evoked so many pleas for clemency, that the Moroccan Cabinet was precipitated into a political crisis and the government into a reappraisal of its policy.

The Baha'i sect originated in Iran in 1844 and claims some 5 million members (of which no more than 300 live in Morocco) around the world. The sect claims some American members, among them the contemporary artist, Mark Tobey. A monograph put out by the Museum of Modern Art in connection with a Tobey exhibition early last year had this to say: "Baha'i humanism is inseparable from the premise of unity, opposes all social divisions and barriers which engender hostility, injustice or strife, whether personal, national or religious; and it advocates an auxiliary international language, international mediation, world peace and the ultimate unification of peoples in a world state." The sect has no priests and no rituals; it worships in a nine-sided building, covered by a single dome, to symbolize the unity of the nine great world religions. The teachings of Baha'ullah, Baha'i's prophet, lays down that the faithful must be

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loyal to the governments of their respective countries.

In all, it would appear to any reasonable person that the Bahai'i sect is more worthy of emulation than of decimation. This seems to be the sense of world opinion insofar as it has expressed itself. And surely, if world opinion could force a crisis on the Moroccan Cabinet, it can reach the ears of the justices of the Moroccan Supreme Court, who are now considering the case on appeal. A few more decibels should suffice.

The Next Mr. Hoover

Climaxing his long service in the Senate and his many contributions to American prosperity, the Hon. Everett McKinley Dirksen (R., Illinois) has raised a momentous question, viz.: what shall we do when J. Edgar Hoover is no longer in our midst, at least as head of the FBI? Everything the gentleman from Illinois says has a faint air of the comic about it, perhaps because of his manner of saying it. The present question, however, calls for prayerful consideration.

In 1962, in connection with his work on the Senate Judiciary Committee, Mr. Dirksen discovered that "strangely enough"—his words—the director of the FBI is not legally required to be appointed by the President, nor does his appointment require confirmation by the Senate. The bureau has a budget of $127 million a year and almost 14,000 employees, yet its head is summarily appointed by the Attorney General. This is because of the agency's obscure beginnings. It was created only in 1908, by President Theodore Roosevelt, and its early directors were mostly well-publicized gumshoe men like William J. Flynn and William J. Burns. In 1924, however, the incumbent Attorney General was unhappily found to be a rascal, and President Coolidge demanded and received his resignation. In his stead, Mr. Coolidge appointed Harlan Fiske Stone, about whom there could be no doubts. In May, 1924, Mr. Stone appointed J. Edgar Hoover, then assistant director of the FBI, first as acting director, shortly thereafter as director, and we have had Mr. Hoover guarding us ever since.

However, as Mr. Hoover is not a god, but a man of woman born, some day his shoes will have to be filled, and this procedure should be in a manner commensurate with the importance of the office. Mr. Dirksen has introduced a bill (S. 603) providing that the future director shall be appointed by the President, by and with the advice of the Senate, for a term of fifteen years, his compensation to be $22,000 per annum. The same shall apply to the assistant director, except that his compensation is not to be fixed by statute. Neither incumbent shall be eligible for reappointment.

The Nation takes no stand on the details of Mr. Dirksen's proposals, such as the terms of office or proposed emolument, but the proviso for ineligibility for reappointment seems to have merit. One of *The Nation's* objections to Mr. Hoover is that he has allowed and encouraged his elevation to the status of a national deity, so that he speaks, especially to American youth, with an authority second only to that of the President. No matter what the merits of any particular incumbent may be, the head of the FBI should not have such a high place in the American educational system. On this account, it will be a relief when we have a director of the FBI who diligently pursues malefactors, but does not see himself in the role of mentor of national and international morality.

THE DRAFT LAW

Extension of the draft law comes up at the present session of Congress. Do we need it? John C. Esty, Jr., discusses the issue in next week's Nation.

War at the Arms Trough

The Coming Politics Of Disarmament . . . . . Fred J. Cook

In the aftermath of the Cuban confrontation, in a year in which the military budget has so escalated that even $50 billion seems like the piddling commitment of a simpler past, it may seem the height of paradox to suggest that the basis is being laid for a politics of disarmament. But such is the reality.

While no politician worth his salt at the ballot box would, as yet, dare to embrace disarmament, the hidden forces that eventually move even politicians to rationality are beginning to operate. The fact is that the prolonged arms race has started at last to commit a form of economic hara-kiri. Recessions come with increasing frequency; unemployment rates continue disturbingly high; the growth rate limps. These are symptoms that clearly say all is not well, and the inquiring mind, probing behind them, quickly discerns two facts: (1) military spending is a drag on the overall economy of the nation; (2) it represents a financial drain to most of the states and awards its beneficences only to the few.

These are hard, economic facts, only now becoming apparent, that

Fred J. Cook is the author of many Nation *"specials," among them "The FBI," "The CIA," "Juggernaut" and "The Ultras." "Juggernaut," in expanded form, has recently been published by Macmillan under the title* The Warfare State.

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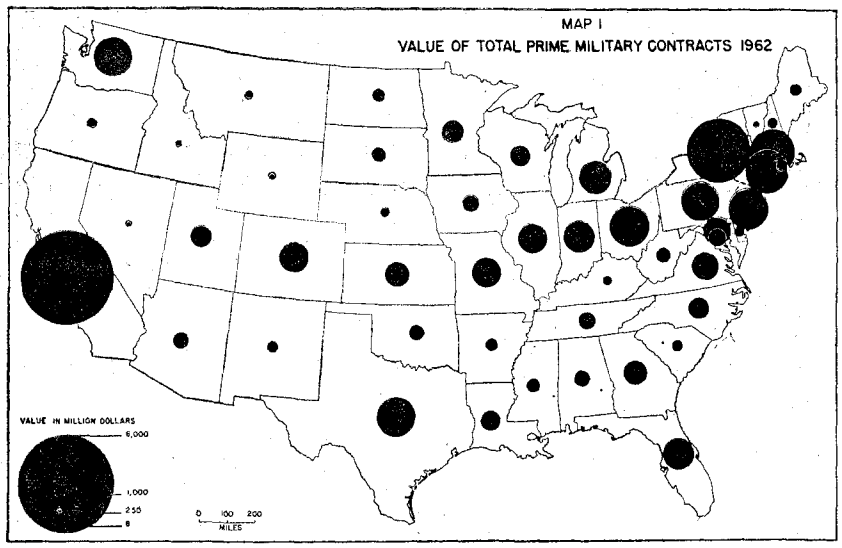

Chart taken from "Unclassified Defense Contracts," a nation-wide survey by Walter Isard and Gerald J. Karaska, Department of Regional Science, Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania.

in time may well become the cornerstones for a new politics of disarmament.

The first hard fact favoring the new politics is that the billions spent on arms do not build up the domestic economy; in the long run, they debilitate it. Of course, military expenditures have provided millions of jobs, and still do. But the end-products of these jobs are mostly waste: Minuteman, once finished, is sunk in its silo and there it sits, waiting for Doomsday. The billions spent to produce it and its kindred flock are dead; they have not created useful goods, they have not opened up new lines of endeavor, they have not stimulated and regenerated the economy. Economists, analyzing the prosperity of Western Europe, where the growth rate outstrips ours, where unemployment runs far lower, have been struck by the fact that this prosperity seems to bear a direct ratio to the proportion of the national income that is plowed back into the domestic economy instead of being buried in the silos of modern war.

Coupled to this first fact is the second: Though an entire nation is being bled by onerous taxes to finance armaments, the immediate economic benefits are distributed with gross inequality. A Department of Defense analysis of the distribution of procurement contracts, issued September 29, 1962, tells the story. Military prime contract awards in the 1962 fiscal year totaled $25 billion. Of this amount, 57.2 per cent was distributed among just seven states. California, with $5.9 billion (for 1963, the figure is expected to be $6.2 billion), led all the rest, gobbling up 23.9 per cent of all major orders. New York, which has been fading in this competition, nevertheless benefited to the extent of $2.6 billion, or 10.7 per cent of all contracts. Only five other states — Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Ohio and Texas — managed to wangle their way into this exclusive billion-dollar club. By contrast, twenty-six of the fifty states obtained contracts totaling only fractions of 1 per cent of those war-industry billions.

The armament race is keeping a select few of the states in a style to which they never previously were accustomed; the rest are getting only crumbs. In many of the latter, unemployment has become endemic; businesses fail; hard times clamp down cruelly in the midst of the bounty of the Warfare State. The picture spells the potential. For years, these comparatively deprived states, their businessmen and their politicians, have tried to cut for themselves a larger slice of the munitions pie. They have failed; and it must soon dawn upon them that they must continue to fail, for the bulk of military procurement will continue to go to the states that already have the vital installations, the major research centers, the key production plants.

These two facts, then, offer the broad economic base for a new politics of disarmament. One foundation stone is being laid by the dragging national economy, hampered by its abnormal devotion to military interests; the other, and politically the more explosive, lies in the inevitable — and inequitable — economic consequences of military procurement: the rich getting richer, and the poor poorer, and there is nothing much that can be done about it.

Let's take a closer look now at that first weakening pillar of the Warfare State: the health of the national economy. Statistics now show that economic pump-priming through military expenditures, a device that was seen in Harry Truman's day as the guarantor of unending good times, can no longer insure perpetual abundance for all the people. Unemployment statistics in America, compared with those of Western Europe, are one graphic barometer. The President's Committee to Appraise Employment and Unemployment has come up with an adjusted schedule of unemployment rates in which the United States shows at a sharp disadvantage.

This analysis, based on 1960 figures, put our unemployment rate at 5.6, a figure that has held distressingly constant over the years despite the steady rise in the military budget. Other nations of the free world, spending far less on military hardware, exhibited strikingly lower unemployment figures. Great Britain had a rate of 2.4 per cent; France, 1.9; West Germany, 1; Italy, 4.3; Sweden, 1.5. In the Far East, Japan had a rate of 1.1.

Gardner Ackley, a member of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, testifying before the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency last July, was asked by Senator William Proxmire (D., Wis.) to explain why Western European economies were growing at a much faster rate than ours. The witness replied:

> *I would certainly also stress the fact that in the United States we have been devoting a very substantial chunk of our resources to military purposes during this period. Those same resources in most of Europe are being devoted to productive investment, and it is not surprising that this productive investment should permit a much more rapid growth of total output than we have.*

Senator Hubert H. Humphrey

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(D., Minn.), in a hearing last August 29 before the Senate Small Business Committee, noted that, in America, the government finances about 65 per cent of all research and development and that by far the larger portion of this is devoted to the needs of military and space. On the other hand, as the Senator pointed out:

In Germany, 85 per cent—85 cents out of every research dollar—is private, and less than 15 per cent goes into military and space. Eighty-five cents of that goes into the civilian economy, so that today the German plant competition for world markets of civilian goods is being automated, modernized, equipped in the latest and best fashion, and new products are developing, while we are developing new wrappings. We are the greatest packagers in the world. . . . In Japan, it is about 85 to 15 again. . . . In England, which also has a low rate of economic growth, as does our country, 60 cents out of every research dollar is governmental and goes into military and space, atomic energy. . . .

What is happening to our civilian economy as we plow more and more of our scientific personnel, our brains, into the military and into space and into atomic energy for military purposes? Where are we going to end up in this trade competition with these Belgians and these Dutch, who are clever, and the Germans who are very clever, who are spending more money for civilian aspects and will develop products cheaper, better and more serviceable?

It was a good question, and it is significant that it is being asked, even if it is not yet being answered. For it is becoming increasingly clear that our economy is beset with deep-seated problems that are not being tackled, much less solved, while our brains and energies and resources are devoted to the creation of new and more ghastly implements of war. The new world of electronics is bursting upon us like a cataract. Its flood is such that not even multi-billion-dollar boosts in the already bloated military budget can prime the economic pump. For not only are military end-products an economic waste; they are also now being produced in an automated world that calls for ever fewer workers. Analyzing this trend, Gerard Piel, publisher of the *Scientific American*, said in delivering the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard last June:

The arms budget is losing its potency as an economic anodyne. It is concealing less and less successfully the underlying transformation of our economic system. Progress in the technology of war, as in all other branches of technology, is inexorably cutting back the payroll. . . . Expenditure on armaments has begun to yield a diminishing economic stimulus.

Yet our fixation with the cold war and military demands has so hamstrung us that we have not even recognized the true nature of our economic problem, much less considered what to do about it. Perhaps we can understand better if we ask ourselves the question: Is this much-heralded "affluent society" of ours really affluent?

Gunnar Myrdal, the distinguished Swedish economist and sociologist, recently pointed out in a lecture to a convocation of The Fund for the Republic that 20 per cent of all Americans in this "affluent society" live below the poverty line — and another 20 per cent barely above it. He stressed that the technological revolution is making the unemployed unemployable, for jobs increasingly depend on the education and skills needed to cope with the sophistications of a new age. This means, as Myrdal sees it, that a massive federal effort must be made to educate and to train if this wasted 40 per cent of our human potential are ever to become full partners in the tasks, and to share in the rewards, of our society.

Myrdal's figures are not to be challenged; but his solution is one that the Warfare State, in its present blindness, can be guaranteed not to accept. Already the pattern has become evident. There has been from Congress not a whimper of protest about President Kennedy's military budget. Almost certainly the armed forces will get every penny that has been asked. But Congressional pruning knives are being sharpened to operate on those sections of the budget that bear the opprobrious label of "welfare" programs. It is taken for granted in Washington that nothing very startling is going to be accomplished toward medicare and that any massive new educational-training program is almost a dead issue.

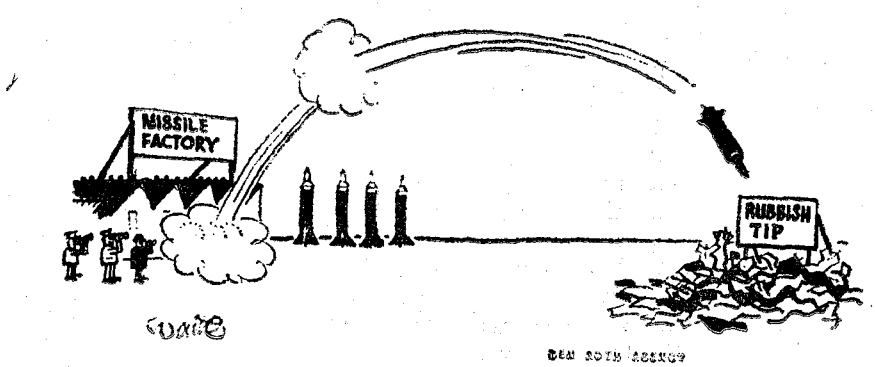
Even such a veteran and ardent cold-warrior as the ultra-conservative columnist David Lawrence sees the issue. In a column last July, Lawrence wrote:

How can the armament expense of the United States . . . be materially reduced so that an era of business growth and a sound economy can be achieved in America?

This question is more important than a tax cut or any other "gimmick" being advanced as a cure for the stagnant economy of today. For the truth is America cannot absorb the present-day expense for armament and grow productively at the same time.

Here then is the first basis, only now beginning to be perceived and discussed, for the eventual creation of a politics of disarmament. Given time, it may perhaps be highly persuasive, for business itself, which has been committed ideologically and financially to the aims and rewards of the cold war, must come to see that this commitment no longer serves — that the economic welfare of the nation demands a civilian, not a military, employment of the nation's best brains and resources.

Such an awakening to hard economic fact is certain to be speeded by regional jealousies and frustrations arising from the highly inequitable distribution of the multi-billion-dollar bounties of the Warfare State. California, hogging an incredible 24 per cent of those procurement billions and still insati-



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able, has become the envy of the other forty-nine states. New York, which lost as California gained, has established agents on the West Coast to try to woo some of the business back. The great industrial heartland of the Midwest, the arsenal of the nation when the major materiel consisted of tanks and guns and trucks, has since seen its share of procurement contracts cut from 27.4 per cent to 12.6. Its cities are burdened with heavy unemployment; its best scientific brains are being steadily lured to California; and "piracy" is about the kindest epithet its Congressmen and Senators can apply to the burgeoning military colossus of the West Coast.

The issue erupted into bitter debate in Congress last summer. Senator Frank J. Lausche, the conservative Democrat from Ohio, revealed that a group of Ohio Congressmen had conferred with Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, pointing out that their state was receiving only 2.3 per cent of defense-research contracts and that the bulk of the business was all going to the East and West coasts. Why? "After some discussion," Senator Lausche told the Senate, "the Secretary of Defense made the sweeping indictment — and I call this to the attention of Senators from the Midwestern states — that the Defense Department is sending its contracts to the states where the brains are located. The Midwest does not have the brains to do the job, and therefore, he said, the assignments go to the East and West coasts." Then Lausche, after stressing the number of excellent Midwestern universities, charged that there had been "a migration of scientists and a pirating of them from Midwestern states" by the states, principally California, which the federal government had set up in the missile business.

In response, Senator Thomas H. Kuchel (R., Calif.) took the position that the safety of the nation was at stake and that defense contracts went to California in such numbers simply because California was best equipped to defend us. It was not an argument that found favor with legislators representing the deprived. Other Midwest Senators and Senator Jacob K. Javits (R., N.Y.) joined in the verbal barrage. Senator Humphrey, opening the hearings of his Small Business Committee, fairly sizzled. The Defense Department, he said, was giving so much of its business to California because high officials want "to get out there in the sunshine" and "just flit around there on the beaches." As for brains, "How do you think they got so smart in California?" he demanded. "The Government started putting out money to the University of California. It was not such great shakes a few years back. . . . I never heard of anybody who stood on their head when they were offered a university contract in California."

Weber in The New Yorker

"Darling, would it upset you terribly if I came out for peace?"

Senator Humphrey's bitterness stemmed from the fact, as he himself admitted, that only a few states were really dining to repletion on those defense contract billions. Cape Canaveral, he noted, was only a stretch of "sand dunes" until the federal government sent scientists and engineers there and made it the nation's No. 1 missile-testing site. The federal government, Humphrey pointed out, starts the build-up, and once a key installation or research center is established, naturally more contracts, more business, flock to it — "those who have, get more; the richer you get, the more you get."

The significance of this for the rest of the nation was underscored by some of the testimony presented before Humphrey's committee. This established, for example, that hard-hit areas of the country — the so-called redevelopment areas — contain about 19 per cent of the population, but have 30 per cent of the jobless; they produce about 10 per cent of the nation's goods, but get only 3.7 per cent of defense contracts. Even provisions to allow such areas special treatment in the awarding of defense business are honored more in the breach than in the observance, for in the last half of 1961 they received less than one-fifth of 1 per cent of the total of prime contracts awarded.

Why hasn't more defense money been funneled into areas of desperate need like West Virginia or Detroit? Dr. Conley H. Dillon, consultant to the Governor of West Virginia on unemployment, put it this way:

> *. . . It is difficult to divide some procurements into two parts. This automatically eliminates a considerable percentage. Second, the contracting officer does not like to take the time and trouble to divide procurements and do the extra work necessary to utilize this procedure. He also prefers to deal with his old customers.*

Senator Humphrey charged that the present method of distributing military contracts has served only to turn hundreds of thousands of workers into nomads, following the path of technology west to California and other fortunate areas.

> *This is what is happening in our own state [he said]. This is why many of the states in the Middle West have not had population growth. Their birth rate has been high; their health rate is good; mortality rate is low. But they look around and the plant has left town. The industry has gone. So they have to sell their house, leave their family, frequently break up a family, a husband leaving his wife and children home, charging off to some distant place, chasing after what? —the scientist, the technician, the new plant, and the government contract. They move 2,000 miles down the road.*
>
> *The social disturbance this is causing our country is incredible, the lack of stability. It seems nobody has looked at it; we have just said, "Well, it is free enterprise, let it go." Communities were disrupted; government tax bases upset; families divided; children changed schools; delinquency increased. And you end up with these hard-core areas of unemployment.*

Such is one face of the Warfare State. The question arises: Can we keep the Warfare State and change the face? Senator Humphrey and other members of Congress from deprived areas obviously hope so. They all vote, virtually without

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dissent, for ever costlier military appropriations, and when they indulge in verbal combat on the floor of Senate or House with the representatives of California, it is always in the hope of raising enough ruckus so that they can get a few more contracts for Ohio or Minnesota or West Virginia. Patent in Senator Humphrey's attitude in the hearings before his Small Business Committee was his desire to get a larger slice of the pie for his state, not to threaten the multi-billion-dollar military-procurement program.

But every Senator's hope that he can cut his constituents in on the gravy train is doomed to failure. Research and technological skills, concentrated in one area, perpetuate themselves there to the exclusion of other areas. Research, for example, is a continuing program; many valuable contracts are "follow-up" contracts, sustaining projects already started. Even new research, when it is initiated, tends to go to the areas where scientists and engineers are already established. Moreover, production tends to concentrate in the same area, close to the brains and facilities that created the blueprints.

Anyone who feels inclined to dispute this needs only to look at the last Defense Department summary of the allocation of research millions. The Pacific Coast and Mountain states have been awarded 54.8 per cent of all research contracts; California alone had 41 per cent. What this means is that California, despite all the anguished outcries, still has a hammerlock on the vital research which will lead to the military contracts of tomorrow; and these contracts, in turn, will go to California, precisely because the research was done there and the facilities and manpower are there.

California's representatives in Congress sometimes try to argue that a lot of the state's primary contracts are subcontracted, and that these subcontracts flow into every state in the union. But *Aerospace Management* magazine, after an exhaustive survey of 6,000 industrial plants across the nation, reported late last year that while California firms did subcontract a lot of work outside the state, their subcontractors sub-subcontracted much of it right back to California! The state wound up doing more than a quarter of the entire aviation-space business in the nation.

The *Los Angeles Times* chortled happily over this discovery and noted that, if Eastern Congressmen had really known the full story, their outcries "would ascend like a siren's," for what had been demonstrated by the *Aerospace Management* survey was "that California eventually gets more work than the Defense Department's figures show." The *Times* went on to exult that California has a lock on the brains and talent of the space age. "These experts are in California not only because the physical climate tempts them, but because the intellectual climate is one of the most salubrious in the United States and the world," the *Times* boasted. ". . . The envious Eastern Congressmen need more than federal money, they need talent — and they can't get that by voting for it or soliciting sympathetic testimonials from the President and Vice President of the United States."

That California intends to woo and keep this talent becomes evident when one reads the California press. In a single edition last November, for example, the *Los Angeles Times* ran fourteen solid pages of advertisements from major aviation-space-electronics firms pleading with scientists, engineers and technicians to flock to "lotus land" and partake of its luscious fruit. "The Sky's the Limit for Scientists, Engineers & Technicians," screamed an eight-column banner over one such page of advertisements. "Reach New Heights in the Space Age — Enjoy a Challenging Future," proclaimed another.

There is no disposition here to challenge the thesis that this country needs an adequate defense system. But the fact is that our swollen military budget is only partly related to legitimate defense needs, as Senator Proxmire has noted (see *The Nation*, August 25, 1962), and the best proof of this is the incessant sparring that goes on in Congress over what-state-should-get-how-much of the defense pie. The upshot has been that we have achieved, and are constantly adding to, a *needless overkill capability* at the expense of our national economy.

This is the issue as it is beginning to present itself to some, at least of our politicians and economists. And it is aggravated by the fact that the largess of military procurement is distributed in such a way that those who already have much, get more, while those who have little get less. Economics, in other words, has begun to throw its powerful arguments behind the idealistic and humanitarian pleas of those who are seeking to stop the arms race.

TOGO: the Lesson for Africa . . . . . J. Kirk Sale

The assassination of Togo President Sylvanus Olympio last month frightened almost every leader throughout West Africa—not only because it is the region's first major political murder, but because it led to the region's first successful political revolution.

The nine-man military committee that engineered the coup—and was presumably acting for its 300-odd comrades in the now-disbanded French colonial Army—apparently did not mean to kill Olympio, nor does it seem to want to turn Togo into a military state à la Turkey or the Sudan. It apparently was inspired by no grandiose political philosophy. It simply was angered by Olympio's refusal to give the soldiers any stake in the new nation and was frustrated by the monolith of his one-party government.

But the fact is that the coup deeply worries politicians in the other new nations of the West African bulge. For in every one of these, the national leader, like Olympio, enjoys a position of power at the top of a strong party pyramid, and in every one this party is either officially supreme (as in Ghana or

J. Kirk Sale is the author of The Land and People of Ghana *(Lippincott), soon to be published.*

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Guinea) or virtually unopposed in fact (as in the Ivory Coast or Liberia). In every one of these countries the national leader, like Olympio, has so consolidated his power in his drive for modernization and national unity that he has made the peaceful, constitutional path to change much more difficult than the violent, revolutionary path.

Witness the troubles that have rocked the one-party states in the last few months: In Ghana, President Kwame Nkrumah has escaped from no fewer than four assassination attempts since August 1. In Senegal, President Léopold Senghor was forced to call out his troops last December 16 to arrest his own prime minister, who was attempting an armed take-over. In the Ivory Coast, President Félix Houphouet-Boigny last month dismissed three of his ministers after charges of "subversive activities" and reports of a plot to kill him. In Guinea, President Sekou Touré, just a year ago, jailed several union leaders for "activities against the state" and kicked out the Soviet Ambassador for aiding them. And a little farther afield, in Tunisia, President Habib Bourguiba last month escaped by what he called "a miracle" from assassination by twenty-six Tunisian Army officers who were subsequently tried for treason.

Such a concentration of violent political outbreaks indicates the deep political fissures cutting into each of the new states and betrays the dangers to which a monolithic one-party government is subjected no matter how popular it is with the masses or how successful it is in economic progress.

Those who see the Togo coup as engineered by outsiders are missing that point. The anti-Ghana press in the United States has been suggesting darkly that the take-over was born in Nkrumah's power-hungry mind and carried out by his agents. Nigeria's brassy Foreign Minister Jaja Wachuku, who called an immediate meeting of the Monrovia powers to discuss the coup, hinted broadly that Ghana "engineered, directed, organized and financed" it. Both are mistaken.

For there is no indication that Ghana had, or would want to have, any hand in the soldiers' take-over. It is true that there has been a long-standing rivalry between the suave and quiet Olympio and the blunt and noisy Nkrumah—a rivalry exacerbated by each nation's sheltering the political refugees of the other. Just a week before Olympio's assassination, Ghana had issued a strong note accusing the Olympio government of sheltering Ghanaian conspirators and warning of the "dangerous international consequences" if Togo took no action against them. It is also true that Nkrumah has repeatedly hoped for the eventual unification of the Ewe tribe, split by colonial-drawn borders between Ghana and Togo.

But nothing about the take-over shows Ghanaian conspiracy. First, there is no evidence that the Togo soldiers had any close ties with pro-Nkrumah Ghanaians, nor is it easy to see any particular reason why they should. They certainly did not need Ghanaian help for the relatively minor battle they waged to gain control on January 13 and they probably do not need or want any Ghanaian help to run the country now.

Second, the soldiers' choice for the new Togo President was former Premier Nicholas Grunitsky, the exiled leader of a Togo party which supported strong ties with the "moderate" French states rather than with the Casablanca powers. Had they been under any Ghanaian thumb, it is most likely that one of the two major pro-Nkrumah Togolese politicians — Idrissou Antoine Meatchi (who had been living in Ghana) or Anani Santo — would have been installed as President.

Third, Nkrumah's fervent desire for African unity has shown no signs of falling over into outright instigations of revolution in existing independent governments. Because a man believes in Pan-Africanism, there is no reason to suppose that he has to go around trying to foment a revolution—and a military (conservative, power-centered) revolution at that.

It is extremely unlikely, then, that Nkrumah or any other outsider inspired Togo's coup. And West African leaders are not looking furtively behind them these days because they fear that Nkrumah's henchmen are lurking in the shadows. Rather, they are worried about their own people, especially the alert and educated minorities who have little place in the new African sun and little hope of getting one short of force.

For what happened in Togo was that the ex-colonial soldiers, left virtually jobless when their country became independent in 1960, had nowhere to go in the new Togo. Olympio was not about to create a gaudy military bauble by adding them to his present over-expanded Army while the much more crucial tasks of expanding education and marketing phosphate were facing him. And the number of jobs for *any* trained or educated man in the little nation was (and is) minute.

So, with a way all too characteristic of soldiers, and perhaps with a conviction all too characteristic of the French soldiers under whom they once served, they saw the military leader as the proper solution for the civilian's (and their own) problems. And if, in one-party Togo, the military leader had no way to exercise his voice by peaceful means, then he would exercise it by force.

What Togo's tragedy suggests for

Half the Dream

Ten years ago, Sylvanus E. Olympio was one of the handful of African intellectual leaders who were striving to throw off the bond of colonialism for the Dark Continent. But even at that time he foresaw, more clearly than many of his fellows, that the African independence movement might bring in its wake a series of small, unstable, nonviable states that could do only disservice to the African masses. In an article entitled "Quest for Liberty," written for *The Nation* of December 26, 1953, Mr. Olympio closed with the words:

"We are convinced that self-governing West African states, full members of the UN, can offer better prospects to the world than a collection of colonial dependencies fighting for their freedom. . . . We cannot tolerate the prospect of remaining as dependent territories when the Gold Coast and Nigeria, on either side of us, have won independence. . . . The evident evolution for West Africa is some kind of federation which will satisfy the smaller units' aspirations for self-determination without leaving them weak, isolated and unstable."

It took nearly ten years for Mr. Olympio to achieve his dream of independence for his country, Togo; his dream of federation remains unfulfilled.

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the future of West Africa is, first, that the civilian leaders had better take a great deal more care in assuaging—or controlling—their armies. At the same time, they will also have to take greater cognizance of their educated nonmilitary minorities, who are chafing at the bonds necessarily imposed on a young and poverty-ridden country. These minorities have always been important in West African politics — even though many of them opposed, and were temporarily enfeebled by, the mass political movements which won independence—and they have been increasingly angered by the sometimes real and sometimes imagined extravagances of the men in power. Unless they are now integrated into the central power structure, their anger may soon take the form of that of Togo's soldiers.

Finally, it may not be too much to expect that West Africa's leaders will appreciate another lesson in the Togo affair: violent opposition grows best where peaceful opposition is smothered. It is too much to expect that the one-party states will immediately become multi-party democracies—it would not necessarily be healthy if they did—but it would be hopeful to see some attempt to provide a peaceful outlet for dissatisfactions that is wider than that found within the single party.

It is not an easy task to allow this and still retain the full mobilization of the country for the terribly complex jobs which the new African states are trying to accomplish. Yet it may, in the long run, prove to be a crucial necessity. The fundamental ideology of all governments, African no less than others, is to stay in power. And compromise is often the better part of power.

The Tax-Cut Mirage . . . . . George T. Altman

The President's "across-the-board" tax-cut proposal contains a hidden tilt, the effect of which is to increase the spendable income of the few at the expense of the many. When one compares, at each income level, the present tax with the tax proposed, a fairly distributed cut does appear. But when one compares the spendable income *remaining*—the so-called "take-home" pay —the result is altogether different.

After all, the nominal or taxable income has no real meaning; it is what is left *after* taxes, the spendable balance, that counts. The high federal budget which began with World War II, but did not end with the war, lifted profits and incomes of the investor and manager groups into the stratosphere, from which they were supposedly pulled down by a sharply inclined scale of tax rates, going all the way up to 91 per cent. With some variations, that scale of rates has been in effect now for over twenty years, and Americans have become used to thinking and living in terms of *after-tax* incomes.

It is merely a matter of conditioning. The portion going to tax is never really the taxpayer's in the first place; it is generated, directly or indirectly, by government activity and belongs to the government. In the lower brackets, because of withholding, the taxpayer never sees it. In the higher brackets, it goes through his hands but it is nevertheless not his money; he is only a temporary banker for the government. It would of course be more realistic, and far more sensible, and perhaps more merciful, if the withholding system covered him, too. It is not easy to see and feel, to hold and fondle, but not to take.

But that is only a fault of the system. Only the after-tax money is the real income. Accounting practice has long and formally recognized this economic truth. Applying that principle, what does the proposed tax cut reveal? Let us look at the following sample figures of *spendable, after-tax incomes* (computed with allowance of the standard deduction):

At Present Rates	At Proposed Rates	% Increase
Single persons:		
$ 4,182	$ 4,358	4.2
7,904	8,332	5.4
13,588	14,912	9.8
24,332	29,532	21.4
44,620	86,144	93.1
116,636	366,160	213.9
Married persons with two dependents:		
$ 4,580	$ 4,704	2.7
8,628	8,932	3.5
15,876	16,718	5.3
31,706	35,458	11.8
68,318	99,348	45.4
143,454	382,450	166.5

The President's message conceals the manner in which his tax proposals favor the rich by stating only the tax saving, not the "take-home" effect, in dealing with the bottom brackets—and avoiding the use of percentage terminology in dealing

Slicing the Baloney.

with the higher brackets. As to the new bottom bracket, the President says there is "a reduction of 30 per cent in the taxes levied on this new bracket." He does not mention the far more significant fact that the take-home pay is thereby increased by only about 3 per cent. As to the top bracket, on which he proposed to reduce the tax rate from 91 per cent to 65 per cent, he says: "The new maximum rate of 65 per cent would enable those individuals who now keep only 9 cents out of each additional dollar earned to retain 35 cents in the future." No one will begrudge even a multimillionaire an additional 26 cents. But the President does not disclose that the *after-tax, spendable* income of such an individual, already at a high level, is thereby increased 100 per cent or more.

This, moreover, is only a part of the story. The President's tax proposal contains a built-in budget deficit of over $10 billion. Prices of food, clothes and the other standard items for which almost all of the take-home pay of most people is spent should be expected to rise as a result. The rise will probably

George T. Altman, prominent tax attorney and former professor of tax law, is the author of Invisible Barrier *(Tilden Press, 1962), an analysis of the business cycle.*

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be enough to wipe out the small gain in take-home pay resulting from the tax cut. Thus, for the majority of tax payers, the net effective gain in take-home pay will be zero, while the individuals in the high brackets will still have almost all of their gain of 100 per cent or more.

Of course, the logic offered to support all this is that the gains to the few in the high brackets will filter down to the many in the low brackets. Those in the high brackets will be spurred on to greater heights, production will rise and as a result there will be more jobs and higher pay. The argument is not a new one. It is not wholly lacking in validity, but the filtering process which is its core is subject to a severe law of diminishing returns. It might have more merit at a lower level of federal expenditures. The federal budget is now such that it has become quite proper in the most respected circles to refer to business and government respectively as the "private" and "public" sectors of our economy and to describe the national economy cautiously as "basically" a private-enterprise one.* At such a level of public expenditures, reducing the tax recovery from them to prime the primer of the economic pump is, to use a shop expression, like putting a patch on an old retread. Certainly it does not justify the public largess to the higher brackets which the President proposes.

No doubt the President's proposals will be debated at length. What is important is that the debate be conducted not in terms of mere dollars, but in terms of rent, food and clothing—who will gain what, and how much? In the sweet language of politics, a benefit to one may be a boost to all, but in the reality of economics it still seems true that "them that has, gets."

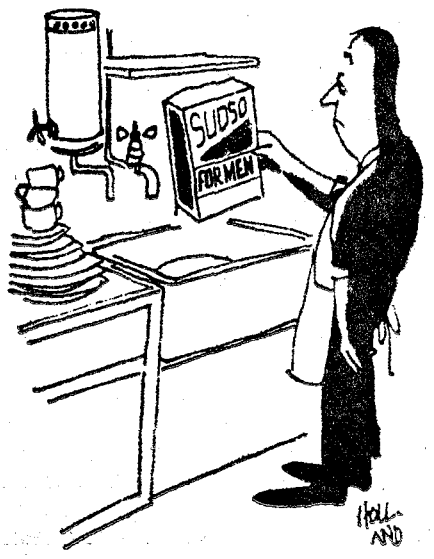
*Expressions taken from address of Dr. Robert R. Dockson, Dean of the Graduate School of Business Administration, University of Southern California, and Consulting Economist, Union Bank of Los Angeles, at Town Hall, Los Angeles, January 3, 1963.

Will Lever Bros. Lose All? . . . . . Ralph Goodman

There's an old cliché, "Build a better mousetrap and the world will beat a path to your door." Like many clichés, this just won't hold water. In today's soap and detergent business, for example, you are likely to get your head broken by following this Emersonian dictum. It's clear, from testimony given in an antitrust action brought by the government against Lever Bros. and Monsanto Chemical Company, that in this business you need not only a better mousetrap, but tons and tons of advertising and promotional firepower. And even then it may not be enough. It certainly hasn't been enough for Lever.

Lever, the No. 2 producer of soaps and detergents in this country, fell behind in the suds market after World War II. Procter & Gamble came out with the detergent *Tide* and then followed it up with another detergent brand, *Cheer*. Before Lever and Colgate (the No. 3 producer) realized what was happening, P & G had established a dominance that no amount of counter-advertising has been able to weaken. P & G now does nearly 60 per cent of the heavy-duty detergent business. It markets a dozen different brands and in two brands alone — *Tide* and *Cheer* — it has about 40 per cent of the business. All the Lever brands combined come up to only 14 per cent of the market. And the Colgate brands take only 11 per cent of the market. Both Lever and Colgate have lost money in fruitless efforts to dislodge P & G.

The tactics employed by P & G show how difficult it is to dislodge a front-runner. In 1954, Lever developed an improved *Rinso Blue* detergent. Blind tests conducted by the company indicated that consumers preferred *Rinso Blue* to *Tide*. Lever therefore felt it had a good chance of carving out at least 10 per cent of the market for this brand. It set up a $20,000,000 advertising and promotion budget to introduce *Rinso Blue* market-by-market. P & G stopped this invasion dead in its tracks. As Lever moved into a city with *Rinso Blue*, P & G was ready—it increased advertising for *Tide* and *Cheer;* it flooded homes with coupons, and it put "price-off" packages into the supermarkets. In some cases, Lever testified, *Cheer* and *Tide* prices were marked down as much as 31 per cent and 40 per cent, respectively. This warfare rendered Lever helpless. It was never able to get *Rinso Blue* above the 5 per cent share-of-market level, despite all the money it had put into it.



Ben Roth Agency

Meanwhile, *All* was developed by Monsanto after the war as the first low-sudsing detergent. It did well. Sales mounted from $12,000,000 in 1952 to $23,000,000 in 1953. But Monsanto quickly found that it was out of its element. Monsanto is a chemical company. It had virtually no experience in marketing a consumer product. In *All*, it had a tiger by the tail. The company previously spent about $5,000,000 a year on advertising for its line of 400 products. But advertising expenditures for *All* went from $5,000,000 in 1953 to more than $12,000,000 by 1955. Monsanto had no other major consumer products on which it could spread this expenditure. In 1955, it lost $2,900,000 on *All*. It wanted out—and it was delighted to sell *All* to Lever for $3,000,000 in 1957.

Ralph Goodman, a business executive, is the author of an article entitled "Freud and the Hucksters" which appeared in The Nation *of Feb. 14, 1953.*

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But the transfer failed to delight the Department of Justice, which promptly brought an antitrust suit against Monsanto and Lever. "It may very well be," the government's brief declared, "that Monsanto acted wisely [in selling *All* to Lever] from a business point of view. However, regardless of motive, a corporate acquisition which may lessen competition or tend to create a monopoly was made illegal by Congress." The suit came to trial early last month before Federal Judge Archie O. Dawson and a decision will be handed down some time in the summer.

The suit is ironical, to put it mildly. Lever is being sued on the ground that its purchase of *All* from Monsanto tended to lessen competition. But *All* is the one Lever brand that is offering the giant of the detergent industry, P & G, any kind of competition in this field at all. And it seems fairly evident from the records produced at the trial that if Lever had not bought *All*, the brand would have been dead by now.

The fact is that even with the head start given *All* by Monsanto, its first maker and marketer, Lever has had difficulty maintaining the brand's leadership against the promotional weight applied by P & G in support of its low-sudsing agent, *Dash*. In 1954, when *Dash* was introduced to fight *All*, the Monsanto brand had 97 per cent of the low-suds market. P & G has steadily whittled this lead down to the point where *All* now has only 35 per cent of the low-sudsing market. *Dash* has about 30 per cent, but a new P & G entry, *Salvo* tablets, has carved out 20 per cent of the business, giving P & G leadership in this segment of the market too. In 1961 and 1962, Lever spent $29,340,000 to promote *All* and *Vim* tablets; meanwhile, P & G was spending $42,400,000 to promote *Dash* and *Salvo*.

Poor Lever. It can't make much money in this business and it has to contend with an antitrust suit to boot. In 1961, Lever earned only $10,500,000 on a volume of $410,000,000. P & G, meanwhile, was earning $109,000,000 on a volume of $1.6 billion. A good part of Lever's earnings stemmed from *All* sales. And the government wants to take that away. There's no justice in the world.

Still, it cannot be denied that the trial had its uses in educating the public on the role of advertising, not only in merchandising but in our culture. As Judge Dawson said at one point in the course of the trial: "If it wasn't for the soap business, we wouldn't have television. Think what an advantage that would be."

Malpractice Suits

Can the Patient Recover? . . . . . Richard H. Blum

Medical malpractice is the adjudged failure of a doctor, as shown in the results of his work, to possess the average skill or knowledge of other physicians in like circumstances or, if he does possess average skill and knowledge, his failure to use it. If malpractice is proven, the patient has the right to monetary recompense for his suffering. That a doctor may be held to account for his avoidable errors is not a new concept. About 2200 B.C., Babylonian law provided that the surgeon whose operated-upon patient died should lose both of his hands; in the fourteenth century, the first English doctor was charged in civil proceedings with liability for a poor-treatment result. But these precedents did not establish trends; it was not until after World War II that a rapid increase in the rate of malpractice suits threatened the equanimity of the American medical profession and simultaneously drew the attention of the public to the fact that the courts did provide a means for the redress of grievances against a profession which had heretofore been relatively immune to frontal attack by its clientele.

By the mid-1950s, organized medicine, the sometimes spokesman for doctors, was roaring in anguish. Malpractice was called a "legal nightmare" by Milton Silverman, who wrote in 1959 what stands as the best popular review of the subject. Ostensibly, doctors were upset because malpractice-insurance costs were rising — specialists often paid (and still do) more than $500 a year in premiums — and because fear of suits was forcing physicians to alter their ordinary habits of patient care.

The real reason for the doctors' distress was less evident. It could not be the costs: after all, a professional who grosses $40,000 or $60,000 a year need not be deeply shaken by a few hundred dollars for insurance. Nor were doctors really upset because they had to order a few extra laboratory tests just to be on the safe side in the matter of patient care. It was more fundamental than that. Doctors began to perceive that the patterns of medical practice and physician status were changing. The good old days of the faithful, grateful, dog-eyed, devoted patient were beginning to pass away. Malpractice suits threatened the doctor's image of himself as a beloved, benevolent, superior old soul who could, in the eyes of his patients, do no wrong. Of course, not every doctor subscribed to that image, but enough of them did—and what was worse, they thought that the public did and *should*.

Suits and claims were being filed at the rate of five to ten thousand per year. In California, the state which leads the nation in malpractice and in medical costs, the rate was interpreted to mean that one out of every four doctors would soon be some patient's target. Patients and their imaginative lawyers were filing suits for one and two million dollars, and winning amounts of two and three hundred thousand dollars. What was even more remarkable, insurance com-

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panies were losing money on their malpractice policies.

There was a brighter side for those who would see it: most doctors were not sued. A small group of suit-prone repeaters — 1 or 2 per cent of all physicians — accounted for most of the cases. The bulk of actual malpractice went either unnoticed or forgiven by the patients. Furthermore, when patients did go to court, they usually lost. Unlike other personal-injury suits, which over the years fall out in an even-steven ratio of one lost for each won, the doctors were winning about 90 per cent of their cases. It appeared that juries still loved the doctor-defendants even if patients no longer did so.

On the other hand, judges and the attorneys for the losing patients were taking a dim view of the record. Their reason was that patients were having great difficulties obtaining medical witnesses for their suits. Under the law, proof of malpractice has to be established through the expert testimony of doctors — not the testimony of laymen. When the patient's attorney tried to find an expert to testify as to his client's injury, there were no willing doctors to be found.

George Bernard Shaw once suggested that doctors were not members of a profession, but of a conspiracy. Attorneys and public were beginning to think Shaw was right. The judges confirmed it. One judge wrote:

> *Anyone . . . knows that the so-called ethical practitioner will not testify on behalf of a plaintiff regardless of the merits of the case. This is largely due to the pressure exerted by medical societies and public-liability insurance companies. . . . Regardless of the merits of the case, physicians . . . flock to the defense of their fellow member charged with malpractice.*

An appellate court wrote:

> *Gradually the courts awoke to the so-called "conspiracy of silence." No matter how lacking in skill or how negligent the medical man might be, it was almost impossible to get other medical men to testify adversely to him. . . .*

The public, perhaps too willing to believe the worst about their besieged culture heroes, presumed that the "conspiracy" was maintained by outrages such as the expulsion of witness-doctors from hospital staffs or county medical societies. While a few such events may have occurred, the "conspiracy" operated more as a result of socio-psychological factors than of crude power plays. Physicians depend heavily upon one another for income through referrals, for friends —and for their own good opinion of themselves. Codes of group conduct emerge to which individuals unthinkingly adhere. One of these implicit codes that became an outspoken commandment during the malpractice crisis was: "Never betray a brother." One finds the same rule in any close-knit group that feels itself set apart from society as a whole.

Among doctors, the consequence was that individuals could not bring themselves to face group rejection by testifying for patients whose causes, however just, were distinctly distant from their own concerns. As with us all, the doctor's morality is group-oriented.

The courts responded to the difficulty of obtaining medical witnesses by a device which was intended to right the balance. They ruled that common knowledge, or the principle of *res ipsa loquitor* ("the thing speaks for itself") could replace the doctor in the courtroom, so that an obvious injury or disastrous side effect which occurred during, or as the result of, treatment could in itself be judged a sufficient proof of malpractice. Thus a patient who had gone to the hospital for removal of a diseased right leg and had emerged from the operating room with his left leg amputated did not need a medical expert to prove he was the victim of negligence. No one could quarrel with that; but there *is* a quarrel with the judge who rules that a bad reaction to penicillin is in itself evidence of malpractice. Some patients will have an unpredictably severe, perhaps fatal, response to the injection which cannot fairly be attributed to medical negligence.

With the emergence of the rule of common knowledge, the attorneys for the doctors, hospitals and insurance carriers could sense that the tide was turning against them. The medical response to this aggravation of an already tender subject was vociferous. From the wild-eyed fringe came suggestions that every patient who sued his doctor and lost be counter-sued for libel—or, better yet, for heresy and treason if that could be arranged. It was also whispered that such patients should be denied the benefits of further medical care.

Voices of reason suggested that the wailing was wasted and that medicine would be well advised to learn *why* patients were suing their doctors, there being a time-honored medical principle that knowing the cause can lead to control or cure. In California, again the national leader, the search for facts was entrusted to Joseph Sadusk, M.D., a widely respected practitioner, research worker and professor, and Rollen Waterson, a brilliant public-relations man and medical-society administrator.

Within a few years, knowledge began to replace emotion in discussions of the professional-liability problem. It was acknowledged that litigation against doctors was one aspect of the trend in our society which finds more people going to court over personal-injury and property-damage cases. A value system is emerging which holds that those who suffer from an untoward event have the right to compensation in dollar equivalents for their injury. Even if no legal responsibility or willful failure is assigned, there is the sympathetic belief that there can be liability without fault. The responsibility of restitution in these cases is a function of the growth of insurance coverage among potential defendants.

Medical malpractice suits have specific origins which arise, in part, from the increased efficacy of medical science. Potent procedures are also risky procedures. Powerful new drugs which can heal dramatically are also likely to have some dangerous side effects. New surgical techniques which save lives can also kill. As risk from direct medical intervention with powerful procedures increases, so too does the number of rueful patients who may blame their misfortunes on their doctor rather than on those uncontrolled and unknown forces which one calls, for want of knowledge, chance.

As medical treatment becomes more effective, the patients' hopes for benefit are intensified out of proportion. Exaggerated expectations are partly due to short-sighted public-relations efforts by both organized medicine and everyday journalism, which have glorified the doctor's skills and personal de-

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votion. Extolling the kindly doctor with his handy-dandy miracle kit can lead only to disappointment. For frightened, despairing patients and families it is excruciatingly painful to be shorn of that vision of healing power by unkind reality. The response sometimes is a feeling of betrayal and the desire for revenge.

Just what kind of people transform their suffering into lawsuits? Studies of their situation and characteristics reveal certain interesting features. Often they are immature, harboring unrealistic demands for wonder-working skills in a protective, fatherly, benevolent doctor. Often basically distrustful and unsure of themselves, they may seduce their doctor through adulation into promising more than he can deliver. They lure the doctor into that omnipotent role which their fantasies have created for him. Then, if their fantasies are not fulfilled, they turn against the physician, blaming him for everything and seeking legal restitution.

The doctor is not without fault. Psychological studies which compare the often-sued physician with those sued once, or not at all, show dramatic differences. The suit-prone doctor is very much like the suit-prone patient: immature, unreasonable, blame-projecting and more interested in distorting the doctor-patient relationship to fit his own desires for a well-fed ego than in shaping it to reality. Such a doctor avoids telling the patient the whole truth about his illness and fails to warn him about the limits of science and of the doctor's own skill and degree of personal involvement. Should trouble arise, the doctor tends to run away.

Should it happen that an unrealistic patient is attended by an unreasonable physician, the chances for disaster are immensely increased. Disappointment turns their unsound love affair into an insupportable feast of abuse. Both doctor and patient try to salvage what they can by lancing one another. It is then that doctors overcharge and patients do not pay—and when threats and lawsuits most often come into play.

Most treatment events that become the focal point of lawsuits take place in hospitals. Socio-psychological studies of institutions which, with their medical staffs, are often sued compared to those which are not again show consistent differences. Hospitals with fewest claims have higher quality medical care, more careful supervision of doctors' work, more attention to patients by nurses, better employee morale, better relations and higher respect between nurses and doctors, and sounder administration. Medical-staff committees are better organized, better disciplined and more responsible. Hospital trustees exert a philanthropic authority and do not let doctors run the institution by default. These good hospitals have more specialists on the staff, engage in less fiscal hanky-panky by infringements of their "non-profit" status or by padding patient bills, and they keep better medical records.

When the results of these several inquiries into malpractice origins were presented to organized medicine, the initial response among the shortsighted was the outraged cry of the wounded wombat. These worthies had hoped that all the blame for litigation could be placed on ungrateful chiseling patients and their money-mad attorneys. To have it confirmed that actual malpractice does occur, that many hospitals are substandard, that standards of care were low among too many physicians, and that many were grossly inept in handling the human side of medical care was hardly welcome news to some medical politicians. As on too many other occasions when organized medicine has been told the facts of public-health needs and reminded that there is such a thing as social morality, there was a tendency to emote and to deny. Fortunately, the more monumental forms of nonsense were short-lived; a creeping rationalism began to appear in those circles where many would least have expected it—in the councils of organized medicine.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch
"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"

Slowly, and not at all surely, the inner councils are coming to recommend that doctors and patients face up to the non-magical nature of medical practice. Doctors are being advised to tell their patients all of the risks involved in treatment and to get their informed consent for hazardous procedures. Doctors must take their chances that "faith" may be shattered when patients are told that physicians are only human. In addition, doctors are being warned to keep up their professional training, to stop fee-gouging and to limit their work to that which they know how to do.

The "conspiracy" of silence is being broken by another very reasonable step. Panels of medical experts are being made available to plaintiff's lawyers by major county medical societies. Panel doctors examine the plaintiff and render an objective report. If the patient has a legitimate complaint, the panelist will testify for the plaintiff in court —and he will do so with the blessing of his medical colleagues. That the doctor can testify openly now, whereas but a few years ago he was restrained from doing so, suggests not only that the expressed values of organized medicine are changing, but that under prodding and threat doctors have at last set forth a code which is consistent with what most of them have been all along: decent and honest people.

The results are encouraging. The malpractice crisis seems to have passed. Rates of suits are leveling off, as are the attendant emotions. In their place, one finds an important commitment on the part of the progressive medical elite to eliminate the mystery and magic from medicine and to stress technical skill *and* psychological know-how in the practice of medicine. For those physicians who refuse to face the facts, the outlook is dim. Those who prefer to play the neurotic game of father and child with their patient, or who insist on acting as a closed corporation supervised by and beholden to none, must expect to be sued.

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Henrik Ibsen: On the Murder of Abraham Lincoln

Translated, and with a note, by Robert Bly

Ibsen was living in Rome at the time of Lincoln's murder. The newspapers were full of expressions of horror over the killing, and Ibsen noticed the embassies sending off messages of sympathy. He was struck that Europeans should be shocked by Lincoln's assassination and yet take their own brutal acts so calmly. Early in the poem, therefore, he throws a few wet fish in the face of his European readers. He reminds them of what had happened in the Dybbol trenches a year before. On Feb. 1, 1864, Prussia and Austria invaded Schleswig to take it from Denmark. The Norwegian, Danish and Swedish students in 1845 had pledged to help one another if any one of their countries were attacked. They had renewed this pledge as late as 1862. When the Germans invaded, Ibsen fought in the newspapers to get the Norwegians and Swedes to help Denmark, but all his efforts failed. The Danes made a stand at Dybbol, but in April of 1864, the Prussians defeated Denmark, taking Schleswig and Holstein. In Ibsen's view, the Scandinavians broke faith.

At this point, Ibsen dropped his new historical play, and plunged into work on the harsh satirical plays against Norway, of which the first was *Brand*. He interrupted *Brand* to write the Lincoln poem. In this poem he goes on to remind his readers also of the Russian crushing of the Polish uprising of 1863, and the bombardment of Copenhagen by the allied English fleet in 1801. In 1864, the Germans, when in Flensborg, had stolen Bissen's monument to the Danish dead in the Isted battle of 1850; the Germans also, violating the rules of war, bombarded the open city of Sonderborg.

Ibsen had become convinced, in fact, that betrayal was a cornerstone of European civilization. And betrayal was now spreading to America. These experiences convinced him that the entire "system" as he called it was about to fall. Political reformers merely delayed the fall. As he said in another poem, don't push chessmen, "Turn the whole board over."

In this translation I have not reproduced rhyme or meter. A translation must drop something, and I think the rhyme and meter which are least important should be dropped first. If the poetry is not present in the meaning, no amount of rhyming or imitation of meter will bring it in. This translation is as faithful in meaning as I could make it.

A shot was fired over there in the West
And it shook up Europe.
Ah, what life was suddenly blown
Into the whole gold-embroidered clump!
You, ancient Europe, with classes and statutes,
A law for every step men take,
With whispering as well as stains and smears,
But quite indignant against everything bad and black —
You look so strangely pale!

On mourning sheets they've printed unicorn and eagle
And all of the other beasts;
The packet boat wallows with the mail's weight;
Dispatches swarm and multiply.
The cotton broker, the son of *la gloire*,
And thousands from Germany, the home of liars,
All stood and caught at the green peace palm,
Then the one revolver-crash came,
And he fell down, the only one a man.

And you took fright. Counselors of Europe,
Is that the way it should be?
A Prussian move, a Dybbol-deed,
The world has certainly seen before.
No raven pecks out his brother's eye —
But surely Poland comes to mind?
And the Englishmen before Copenhagen?
The graves at Flensborg? Sonderborg's name?
Then why so indignant now?

The red rose, which blooms there,
And scares you with its petals,
Europe gave that rose its grafting shoot,
And the West gave her superior earth.
Years ago you planted that vigorous wand
Which reddens America's coast.
You bound with your own hand
The blood-red honor band of the martyr
On the chest of Abraham Lincoln.

Using forgotten promises, broken words,
Torn-up loads of treaties,
Violation this year of the oath you made last,
You have fertilized history's field.
Then you sit confidently and expect
The noblest sort of harvest!
See, your seed sprouts now. What a flaming light!
You are astounded; you can't believe your eyes —
Your grain developed stilettos instead of heads!

Where law rests on the point of a knife,
And justice lives on gallows,
The dawn is more certain to come
Than here, where we murder with words.
One will dares, and holds judgment,
And crushes every nest of lies —
But first the worm must hollow the skull,
And first the age must be cranked about
To a caricature of itself.

A devil with everlasting strength is king.
Just try to tell him to stop!
The magnificence of the golden dome had to come down,
Nero's columns had to be dust.
But first the crimes of Rome had to reach
Over earth from pole to pole;
Dictatorship had to get its apotheosis,
And Caesar's gilded paintings stand
For gods on the Capitol.

Then it all fell down; circus and palace,
Temples, rows of colonnades,
Arches, arcades, all trampled to bits
Beneath the hardened hoofs of the herd.
Then new buildings rise on the old ground,
And the air is pure for a while.
We see signs of the hour of new youth;
Now the plague climbs from the spongy deep,
And breathes, now here, now there.

But if we are moving into a rotting swamp,
I don't cry woe and Hell
Over every glaring poison flower, that stands
In bloom on the age's tree.
Let the worm eat on. Before the skull is empty,
No wall or roof will fall.
And let the "system" turn itself over.
Before that, revenge will come and hold judgment
On the outermost edge of this age of lies!

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Trevelyan: The Muse or the Museum?

John Clive

In July of last year George Macaulay Trevelyan, the distinguished British historian, died in Cambridge at the age of eighty-six. As his middle name indicates, history was in his blood: Thomas Babington Macaulay was his great-uncle. His father, George Otto Trevelyan, was the author of a history of the American Revolution and of that brilliant and sparkling masterpiece of the art of biography, *The Early Life of Charles James Fox*. His grandfather, Sir Charles Trevelyan, who had married Macaulay's sister in India, had himself helped to *make* history. He had been the guiding spirit behind the introduction of the competitive examination principle into the English Civil Service.

Thus it was no wonder that when G. M. Trevelyan's first book, *England in the Age of Wycliffe*, was reviewed by the *Times Literary Supplement*, the anonymous reviewer was impelled to quote the French saying: *Bon chien chasse de race*. Nor was it any wonder that the object of his praise thenceforward adopted that proverb as his secret motto. For, as far back as he could remember, he had always wanted to become a historian, to keep up the family tradition. Trinity College, Cambridge, where he received his university education, had been his father's college as well as Macaulay's. Bernard Russell and G. E. Moore were his contemporaries there, and the Cambridge historians of his day included such luminaries as Maitland and Acton. Both recognized the bent of Trevelyan's talents, and encouraged him in his determination to write literary history, history intended for the delectation and instruction of a large audience. But in this they were out of tune with the principal academic tendency of the period which was "scientific" and therefore anti-literary.

The great and growing prestige of the physical sciences, the pervasive influence of the German seminar method practiced with such signal success by Ranke and his pupils, the need to make history respectable as an academic subject by making it as rigorous as possible — all of this put a premium upon history that was "true" because it was based on laws of evidence. Constitutional history was in the ascendant, since legal documents lent themselves particularly well to such scientific analysis. The result was history written for scholars by scholars. During Trevelyan's first year at Cambridge (1893) Sir John Seeley, then Regius Professor of History, enraged the young historian by telling him that Carlyle and Macaulay had been charlatans. Ten years later J. B. Bury, Acton's successor in the Regius Chair, resoundingly proclaimed that history was "simply a science, no less and no more."

It was in response to this challenge that Trevelyan, who had by then left Cambridge in order to devote himself entirely to historical writing, started his own lifelong credo in an essay entitled "Clio: A Muse." Here he maintained that history was more than the accumulation and interpretation of facts. It was not worthy of the name until those facts and interpretations had been presented to a wide reading public by the historian in his essential role of literary artist. History was not a science. Unlike the physical sciences, it was of no practical utility. Nor could causal laws of general application be deduced from it. The true function of history was educational: to cause the minds of men to reflect on the past. To be sure, it was the historian's responsibility to attempt to establish, as conscientiously and as painstakingly as possible, the accuracy of the events and transactions he was describing. Furthermore, while he could never hope to formulate historical laws, he should certainly regard it as part of his task to make what Trevelyan called imaginative guesses at the most likely generalizations. But his main business was to tell the story, to bring home to the present generation the deeds, thoughts, feelings and achievements of men and women who had lived in the past. Not just of kings and queens and lawmakers, but of men and women of all sorts and conditions. The principal task of the historian must inevitably be narration:

> *Round the story, as flesh and blood round the bone, should be gathered many different things — character drawing, study of social and intellectual movements, speculations as to probable causes and effects, and whatever else the historian can bring to illuminate the past. But the art of history remains always the art of narrative. That is the bed rock.*

Trevelyan remained true to his own principles. Over the years he produced many books on a variety of subjects: three volumes on Garibaldi's part in the unification of Italy, volumes he was inspired to write when his father, standing with him on the Janiculum in 1897, told him the story of Garibaldi's defense of Rome half a century before; general political and social histories of England as well as more detailed treatments of England under the Stuarts and during the nineteenth century; biographies of his father, of John Bright, and of Lord Grey of the Reform Bill of 1832, as well as of Sir Edward Grey, British Foreign Secretary in the years before the First World War; and, his *chef d'oeuvre*, a masterly account of *England Under Queen Anne*, in which he brought to completion the story which death had pre-

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vented his great-uncle from carrying to a close.

These books are not immune from criticism. Trevelyan had been taken to task more than once for his historical optimism, his liberal prejudices, his simplistic moral judgments, his failure at times to do full justice to the complexity of human motives and events. It is both refreshing and amusing to hear him dwell, late in life, on some of the qualities for which he was often reprimanded:

On Optimism:

> *I have always had a liking for those bits of history that have clear-cut happy endings . . . partly because such sections have more artistic unity than history as a whole, which is a shapeless affair; and partly no doubt because they are more cheerful to contemplate.*

On Bias:

> *I once wrote three volumes on Garibaldi. They are reeking with bias. Without bias I should never have written them at all. For I was moved to write them by poetical sympathy with the passions of the Italian patriots of that period, which. I retrospectively shared. Such merit as the work has, largely derives from that.*

On Moral Judgments:

> *If all historians . . . had condemned aggressive wars, including those begun by their own kings and countrymen, we should not be where we are today.*

Here is the voice—frank, civilized, not without a touch of dry humor—of the liberal and humane tradition from which he sprang and which he never ceased to represent.

One accusation against which Trevelyan never had to defend himself was lack of readability. Some of his books sold in the hundreds of thousands. *The Social History* has become a popular classic. Everything he wrote shows the touch of the poet upon which he, who had been in his youth the friend of Meredith, prided himself all his life. His last book was a series of lectures entitled *A Layman's Love of Letters*. He had returned to Cambridge as Regius Professor of History in 1928 and had become Master of Trinity College early during the Second World War. His comment on this great honor was characteristic: "My appointment would probably have pleased Macaulay and my father as much as the destruction of Holland House [by German bombs] would have pained them." To the end, he rightly thought of himself as the continuator of a family tradition. And this, in fact, remains his primary achievement as a historian. He was neither a daring innovator, striking out along new paths, nor a royal intellect, probing into fresh depths of meaning. He will be remembered as one who carried on with distinction two great traditions of British historiography: the tradition of history as a literary art, dating back to Hume and Robertson and Gibbon in the eighteenth century; and the tradition of social history, history not merely as the story of battles and politics and institutions, but above all as the story of the ways of life and thought of people in the past. This second tradition dated back to Carlyle and to Macaulay. For it was Trevelyan's own great-uncle who in the famous third chapter of his *History of England* had pioneered this great extension of the subject matter of history.

How have these traditions recently fared in British historiography? As one looks at the scene today, the battle that Trevelyan waged on behalf of the muse Clio seems to have been won on all fronts. Popular interest in history has rarely been higher. The most prominent members of the younger generation of British historians are, almost without exception, gifted writers who, far from confining themselves to the production of esoteric tomes for a limited audience, regularly enter the lists in the weekly magazines, on the radio, occasionally even on television. As far as the substance of their serious historical writings is concerned, social history, the sort of history that Trevelyan stood for, has gained the day. True, academic curricula, and more especially those at Oxford and Cambridge, habitually lag behind the main currents of the times. Thus R. W. Southern, the new Chichele Professor of Modern History at Oxford, still felt it necessary to devote part of his inaugural lecture in 1961 to a plea for a revised history syllabus that would permit more venturing away from the well-trodden paths of politics and institutions, into the realm of the thoughts and visions, moods, emotions and devotions of articulate people in the past. Yet, a look at the table of contents of the *Festschrift*, presented to Trevelyan on his eightieth birthday seven years ago by a group of outstanding younger historians, reveals the extent to which their preoccupations have departed from those of their predecessors taken to task in "Clio: A Muse." The subject matter of the various chapters ranges from "An Elizabethan Provincial Town: Leicester," through "The English Woman, 1580-1650" and "Comedy in the Reign of Charles the First," to "The Romantic Element, 1830-1850" and "The Intellectual Aristocracy in the Nineteenth Century."

Even those historians engaged in what that perpetual *enfant terrible* of the British historical profession, A. J. P. Taylor, writing about the late Sir Lewis Namier, has called "Tory History"—that is to say, those more interested in what made institutions actually work than in movements of ideas—can hardly be regarded as the residuary legatees of the narrow constitutionalists against whom Trevelyan took up the cudgels sixty years ago. For at the center of their concern lie neither legal texts nor official documents, but flesh-and-blood individuals. Why did men go into Parliament in the eighteenth century? What were their party affiliations there? The answer, as Namier showed it, is not to be found in speeches and manifestoes, but in their letters and diaries and journals, studied not haphazardly but systematically; so that in the end we know the thoughts and feelings and special interests of each one. The Namierites have been upbraided, with some justice, for routinizing a method which in their formidable master's

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hands never lost the excitement of a pioneering venture. But there is no doubt about the fact that in the truest sense of the word they, too, are social historians.

Yet, paradoxically, the very triumph of social history all along the line may constitute a new and unexpected threat to the art of narrative history. For the more we broaden our approach to the past, leaving behind the conventional categories of politics and institutions in favor of the study of society as a whole, the more we are apt to find interconnectedness rather than sequence. This presents serious problems for the historian who wants above all to tell a clear and coherent story. Take, for example, the question of why family limitation became widespread among the middle classes in late Victorian England, a question of paramount interest to the social historian, and one recently discussed by Joseph A. Banks of Liverpool University in a brilliant book entitled *Prosperity and Parenthood: A Study of Family Planning among the Victorian Middle Classes* (London, 1954). It is plain that one very important component of the answer to this question must lie in the sphere of economics. When mid-Victorian prosperity came to an end, those who had managed to attain a high standard of living were naturally reluctant to give it up. They had to cut down on something. Housing? Holidays? Quality and quantity of food and clothing? Good schools? The answer, if all of this was not to be given up, was to produce fewer children. The means had been at hand for some years. And so we see the gradual decline of the huge Victorian family and the coming into existence and fashion of the "two-child" family.

So far, so good. If this were indeed the whole answer, the historian of nineteenth-century England would have an easy time of it. All he would have to do would be to write at the appropriate point in his narrative that in order to maintain an accustomed standard of life, the middle classes reduced the size of their families. But Mr. Banks shows in convincing fashion that this is by no means the whole answer. He tells us with disarming candor that he doesn't yet know *what* that is. But we *do* know that in order to find it, we must take into account factors such as the following: the ebbing away of religious faith, and thus of the view that it was Providence alone which ought to decree the number of children in a given family; the growing strength of the feminist movement, the new and much less sheltered role that women were beginning to play in society; and the ever more pervasive scientific attitude which made for an increased acceptance of the whole *idea* of artificial family limitation. The conscientious historian must also take account of the threat to pride and status posed by workingmen who, thanks to the coming of cheaper and more efficient means of transport, were beginning to move out into those suburbs which the middle class had considered as its own secure preserve; and of the beginning of a process which has reached its culmination in our own day—the reluctance of people to become domestic servants when less demeaning occupations offer equal or better wages.

Here, then, is interconnectedness: intellectual currents, class movements, economic and technological trends, moral and religious attitudes, all involved one with the other in creating a situation in which reduction of family size gradually becomes the norm. The historian of demographic change cannot say with any confidence: A caused B. Nor even, more modestly: First came A, then came B. He can only describe a whole congeries of factors deriving from different realms of human endeavor—A, B, C, D, E, etc. —and wait for further studies like that of Mr. Banks to enable him to assign relative weights of importance to each. This may satisfy the specialist.

But what of the historian who is trying to tell the story, not merely of demographic change, but of modern English history as a whole? What is he to do when he comes to this as well as to many other, similar problems? Is he to turn to what Crane Brinton has called retrospective sociology, contenting himself with a description of the structure of English society in the late nineteenth century?

That is certainly one possibility. Yet structural analysis is static. History, being process and not structure, is essentially dynamic. People lived and thought in this way. Now they live and think in another way. The narrative historian's principal preoccupation must remain change. What he *can* do, of course, is to adduce all the relevant factors that touch upon a particular problem at one point in time, and then look at them again, say, one generation later; remembering that his job is to take moving and not still pictures. But whatever he decides to do, one thing is certain. It has become increasingly difficult for him to succeed, within the brief compass that artistry (if not his reader) demands, in taking due account of the widening ramifications of his subject while at the same time telling his story with grace and economy. Can the historian of today do justice to Clio the Muse without turning her into Clio the Museum? Let us hope that among the many able historians who are following in Trevelyan's footsteps there are those who will enable us to answer in the affirmative.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

Le Corbusier—born Charles Edouard Jeanneret—one said: "The purpose of construction is to make things hold together; of architecture, to move us." That puts it about as well as it has ever been put, and the exhibition of photographs of his work, now at the Museum of Modern Art, gives weight to the words.

The show is made up of scores of color transparencies of buildings, enlarged and mounted on the fronts of individually lighted boxes, which are then arranged in an artful way across the first floor rear of the museum. Not a complete retrospective, the exhibition instead features those concrete and masonry buildings, ranging from a pair of little houses in France to the great governmental monoliths at Chandigarh in India, with which Corbusier has for the second time shifted the ballast of serious architecture of our time. No extraneous words or drawings are included to complicate the impact of these monstrously heavy, eloquently compassionate shapes, nor are words needed. The incredible buildings are as vivid as great animals. They deserve to be called compassionate because they express so much hope in imperfect humanism; they shake off the machine.

It was not always so with Corbusier. He has had two careers as an architect, both of them heroically allegorical. The first was pro-machine — and he almost succeeded in giving it an architectural soul. As a young man in the 1920s (he was born in 1887) he helped Mies van der Rohe, Gropius and the other gifted internationalists

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to strip architecture of historical nonsense, to simplify it into a new beginning. What they at that time attempted to perform seems in retrospect an industrial parable, but even then Corbusier had a more attractive way of telling the story than did most of the other crusaders. His most ringing architectural statement of that era was the Villa Savoye at Poissy, France —a simply shaped, flat-roofed house suspended on thin columns, almost floating, a few feet above the earth. There was but little texture, or even color to it; whiteness, instead, and masklike windows flatly reflecting the sky. There was no elaboration of detail nor visual depth; the walls seemed stretched tightly over the skeleton, very tense, as if to suggest the dynamism of the motor age, or, perhaps, a bird hypnotized by the machine. The Savoye house was in the country, but it wasn't agrarian. It was high art, a really new kind of architectural expression, a poem of the new industrial day; not a level-minded expression of industrialism. Almost like the Cubist painters, Corbusier seemed to seize a perception and present it intensely, effectively, out of real context. It was an isolated moment in architectural history. He went so far as nearly to negate the reality of perspective, quite a feat in three dimensions. There was the deep country and the flat, aloof house.

The building had a penetrating effect on architecture. The grandiose building styles that then prevailed eventually died of this and a few other such lances, although it was not until after World War II that the convulsions calmed and success came flooding in for the prophets of the modern industrial style.

And with success soon came disillusion. For every Mies masterpiece in steel and glass, such as the poetic Lake Shore Drive apartments in Chicago, there were scores of bulky glittering Park Avenue icebergs. It quickly became evident that industrialism in architecture can be every bit as overweening as classicism, and even crueller, perhaps, in its disappointments.

How did the leaders react? Mies just grunted and went imperturbably, unstoppably, on to his industrial masterpieces, among them, the Seagram Building. Gropius became a proudly sentimental New Englander for a time, keeping the industrial forms but somehow making them feel like dignified handcraft. But Corbusier's reaction to the industrial prose of the postwar architectural world became his second great allegorical performance at the drafting board. In those years, as if in scorn of the machine, he returned to building with the basic material, mud — which is what the men who pour concrete still call it. He shaped it as mysteriously as any African religious, and in flagrantly anti-industrial ways. He finished it with deliberate roughness. He threw the industrial style into intellectual bankruptcy.

It was much as if the painter Mondrian had suddenly thrown away his palette and reached for Kokoschka's, as if the sculptor Arp had gone to potting, and as if both had produced totally new masterpieces. Corbusier, even more than Frank Lloyd Wright, has, in his age, transcended the significant work of his youth.

The exhibition at the Modern is not by any means perfect. I think the museum people got too excited (as I suppose I should have done), examining those color transparencies one by one in a dark room. At any rate, backed with apparent generosity by The Graham Foundation of Chicago (which intends to take the show home later in the year), they overplayed their hand. For example, they provide too many transparencies of the same buildings. Also, a number of the transparencies seem over-enlarged; they lose reality, even focus. The rooms take on a postcard feeling — with much glaring kodachrome sky. The overall effect almost drowns the frequently very beautiful photographs; it becomes a relief to walk into the one black-and-white room, where suddenly everything becomes serious again. Perhaps the truth is that you must make people come to a color photograph, let them peep at transparencies one at a time, rather than try to make a ballet of them.

Backlighting is also difficult; several of the boxes were flickering badly the afternoon I was there. Others were placed unwisely close to the glass walls of the museum; the artificial backlighting could hardly compete with the daylight out front, and the result was wan. I think that what was wanted in general was a little more darkness, more weeding out of pictures, and a little less visible art in their arrangement. In short, this exhibition is one that has to be surrendered to the material. Yet it also is an exhibition that demands seeing, for it demonstrates that Le Corbusier is one of our time's great men.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

I approached *The Hollow Crown* (Henry Miller's Theatre) as a schoolboy "creeping like snail unwillingly to school," for it was not a play but an entertainment by and about the kings and queens of England. It was to be a series of readings, recitations, songs—a sugar-coating of a history hour for patriotic Britishers! Still, I went. And now I am very glad of it. So will you be if you love our language and the glamour of beautiful speech.

The Hollow Crown surprises. Though there is no "acting" in it, it ends by making itself felt as a most precise and delightful drama. It teaches us not only that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" (it contains almost no Shakespeare), but also that the English have been fond of their kings even while poking fun at them. That is an endearing form of national pride. And little wonder! Even when the kings and queens were fools or rascals they wrote beautifully themselves or others wrote beautifully about them.

In this small feast I recommend to your special attention that paragon of opportunism, the Vicar of Bray, who accommodated himself to all the rulers and regimes—no matter how opposed they were to one another—

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from Charles the Second to George the First. You will also be beguiled by a Partial, Prejudiced and Ignorant Historian—none other than Jane Austen at the age of fifteen, committed to the derogation of Elizabeth the First for having mistreated good Queen Mary the Scot. How funny, both candid and shrewd, is Victoria at the age of eighteen describing her Coronation. And what a saucy report the English ambassadors send to Henry the Seventh concerning a proposed marriage between His Majesty and the Queen of Naples. We are given here a plethora of richly recorded royal events which a good democrat may contemplate in pleasurable ease.

The flower among the readers is Dorothy Tutin, who combines the dignity of the wise with the tenderness of the young. Her dark eyes shine brightly (set off by the pallor of her face and her white silk gown), her voice is softly deep and there is something in her whole tiny erect person which breaks our grateful hearts.

To the curious and adventurous I recommend *The Coach with the Six Insides* (Village South Theatre at 15 Vandam Street), a comedy adapted from James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*. It may be caviar to the general, but it is worth your pleased if bewildered attention.

It is not a play in any conventional acceptation, but a danced and mimed recital of linked passages from Joyce's recondite and vast nighttime reverie. It progresses to a strange unity in which each part is beginning, middle and end. Perhaps seeing it may serve as an introduction to the book of which Thornton Wilder has said that one must spend a thousand hours to fathom and to appreciate its wonders.

It is not that difficult to enjoy the spectacle shown in the Village. It is generously visual, though perhaps language is its most salient feature—a language as gorgeously melodious as it is distorted and perverted, an erudite pig Latin, hilariously comic, lyric, soothing, frightening, melancholy, obscene and elevating!

I am sure of what I say about *The Coach with Six Insides*, but I have never been sure of Joyce! It needs no insight now to repeat that his was a seminal work with a broad influence throughout the literature of our century; that he, Lord of the Verb, was a fascinating human, as well as artistic, phenomenon. But I have never determined, within my own conscience, whether I am "for" or "against" him. And though the question is of no objective consequence, it has always been important to me so that I might situate myself. For a work of art is as much a test for its beholder as for its creator. Through it we may realize ourselves; that is not the least of its values.

Joyce's work is a repository of the accumulated learning, misgivings, resentments, fears, mockeries, turmoil, triumphs, confusions of our time. In this alone he was a genius. (We must respect all genius—although it can well do without our respect. But must we always *love* it?) Joyce's Jesuit education made, marked and maimed him. That divine in *A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man* who warned him as an adolescent of the torments of hell that await boys who masturbate put an incalculably damaging imprint on Joyce's spirit. The sermon filled him forever with terror and hate.

He took refuge in exile, in rigorous study, in the constructs of the mind. His thinking was intricate, his aesthetics arcane, his speculations profoundly turned in on himself. He saw and felt deeply but his sight was defective. There was blindness in him. He had a contempt for the world while being attached to every filament of its filth. He tried to save himself through the subtlest games of art: a process which made ash of what he abominated in the sinful world, the while, he secretly hoped, the process would lead him back to what he cherished in the memory of his mother, in his religion and in the Irish earth—all of which he had fled.

One does not know, reading Joyce, whether his work is a dump heap in which lies buried the debris of the past (a wreck he helped make), or an augury of some possible future, the miraculous rebirth of a world no longer soiled by the material, spiritual, intellectual waste which the past bequeathed us. In the awful nightmare of Joyce's inner strife, one does not

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easily discern which is the greater: the devil of his damnations or the deep blue sea of his purification. ("I done me best when I was let . . . a hundred cares, a tithe of troubles, and is there one who understands me? One in a thousand of years of the nights? All me life I have been lived among them but now they are becoming lothed to me. And I am lothing their little warm tricks. And lothing their mean cosy turns. And all the greedy gushes out through their small souls. . . . I thought you great in all things, in guilt and in glory. You're but a puny . . .") So Joyce sows disquiet in me. A gloomy and grinning giant of our time, he affords me no peace.

As a theatre effort *The Coach with the Six Insides* is not formidable. It is in fact a charming miniature of what in Joyce's poem is both minute and grandiose. The show is youthful, not expert in every detail, but ambitious and talented though not in the least pretentious or heavy. The five players who compose its cast speak well, move well, do everything winningly. The modest costumes are extremely good, the musical accompaniment by Teiji Ito is pleasantly helpful. The whole event, which has been carefully thought out and imaginatively devised by Jean Erdman, gives evidence of impressive devotion and careful training on everyone's part.

William Inge is our dramatist of the ordinary. His people are never deep souls, never intellectuals, artists or even middling middlebrows. They are the common product of American civilization. They are "things," expecting or striving to be born as persons.

Inge's dramatic technique is almost as primitive as the folk he depicts. The people are readily understandable, the technique sure. For these reasons there is a tendency on the part of the presumably more advanced to disparage Inge. This is a mistake. Inge's role in our theatre is a central one; the commonplace is not the obvious.

His plays are deft scenarios. His writing is bare but suggestive. At times it touches the rim of poetry, and the right actors can transport it into that realm. His plays always act better than one would suppose from reading them. They require the extension of the stage.

Natural Affection (Booth Theatre) is his nearest approach to raw realism. I had thought that Inge was capable of something Chekhovian, but *Natural Affection* makes it clear that what he is bent on is a rude lesson which he can best convey by exposing crude facts in swift, blunt, concentrated sketches and rough case histories. The result is not ugly, even when much of the material reeks of the vile.

Freud, plus an innate delicacy and an instinct for the theatre, guide Inge's hand. *Natural Affection* is the most summary of his plays, the baldest, the most banal, and yet in certain respects the most powerful. For the first time his voice is raised in anger, as if he had decided to say something that he had previously hesitated to utter. Our gadget civilization is so without the grace of personal values that it must produce monsters—all the more criminal for having originated in sympathetic human impulses.

The play is too stripped and tight not to reveal its simple monitory purpose and naked Freudian inspiration. Hence, there is a certain poverty and thinness. Yet it provides one excellent figure: the dumb, pathetic, hideously comic car salesman and ex-bartender, a sharp and telling caricature of the average American male, whose mediocrity clings to every semblance of gratification as to a solacing teat in a world too harsh for ordinary endurance. There is also an excellent scene in which a better-off businessman, alcoholic, frustrated, sadistic and nearly homosexual, spews the dregs of his empty being, the misery which is the only warrant of his humanity. All these midges of our urban landscape reveal some real aspect of the everyday panorama of our native horizon. They make one wince.

The play is very well produced under Tony Richardson's direction. If the production has a fault it is that the blatant coarseness in the play's material is stressed above the vein of decency. (The coarseness is all too patent. Unfortunately, this brutal aspect of the play is what a good part of the audience appears to relish.) A framework of jazz and the stage's exposed electrical apparatus (from Brecht via Joan Littlewood and now a favored stage stratagem in London) adds to the play's liveliness, but does not heal its wounds.

The cast—Kim Stanley in a role not fully projected by the author, Harry Guardino, Tom Bosley, George Rozakis in the detrimentally underwritten part of the delinquent son—is admirable.

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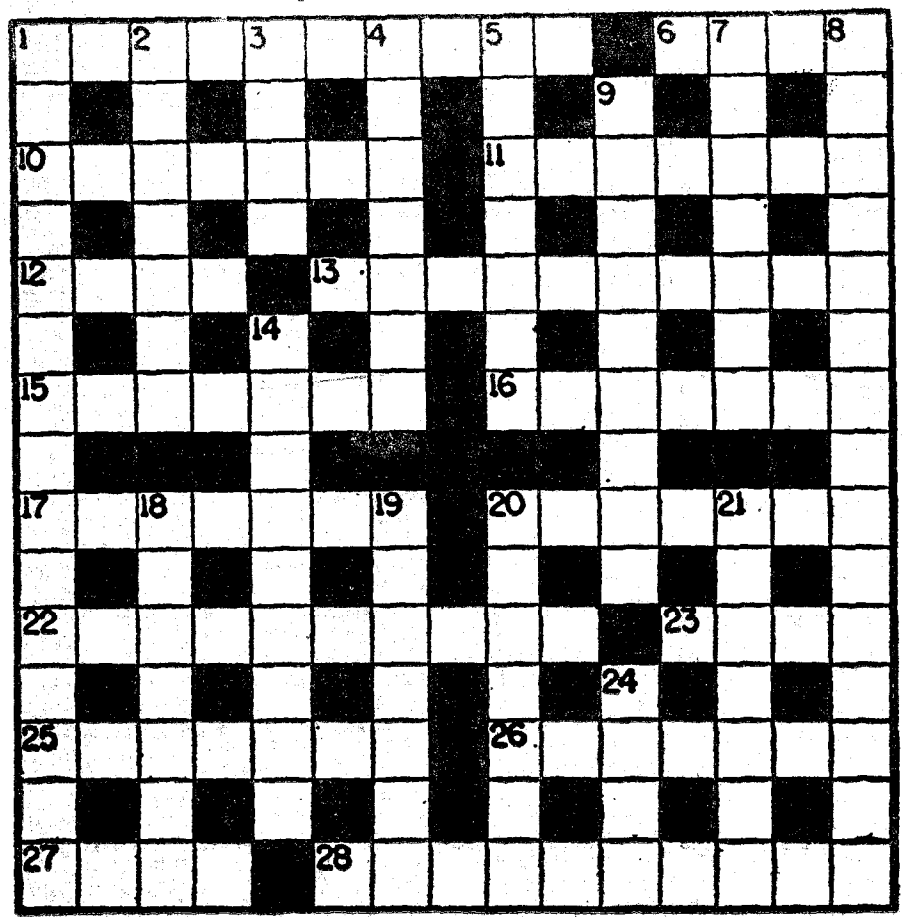
Crossword Puzzle No. 998

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Broom — or what one user practices? (10)
6 County doctor? (Implying contingency comes to nothing!) (4)
10 Direction of Grant's advance? (7)
11 He's liable to take the risk, but has made his entrance more securely. (7)
12 One might find him a male, but not vigorous as a leader. (4)
13 Being hard to follow the German in translation, perhaps? (10)
15 State birds originally finding New York their habitat? (7)
16 The followers of Pluto? (It's not a way to hold the members together.) (7)
17 An actual necromancer proved he could make an opera without us. (7)
20 How most of your hobby gets to make part of the salad. (7)
22 Nowadays more likely to be found in the suburbs than in the wide-open spaces. (5, 5)
23 Petty criminals sometimes introduced to the company before dinner. (4)
25 So-called lion-man. (7)
26 The Confederacy — where one could take shelter? (7)
27 Their meeting implies the budget may be balanced. (4)
28 Does it involve undressing if one so makes a 25 flourish? (10)

DOWN:

1 Bill, commonly of reddish-yellow? (7, 2, 6)
2 and 8 down Certainly not the one associated with good intentions. (3, 4, 2, 13)
3 and 24 down Don't they believe in the directions for stewing chicken?
4 Thinks again, and makes up for it. (7)
5 Pretended to be feeding? (7)
7 The bees reputedly get it straight, but it's one concern of the fleet, nowadays. (3, 4)
9 Is a person easily confused by such attack? (9)
14 Would punishing a boy put one off the track? (9)
18 Having no 25 relationship? (7)
19 Blown up? (7)
20 How you can get an answer, to a degree, so you can forgive me.
21 The sort of air to sing on getting up. (7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 997

ACROSS: 1 Society Islands; 8 Prostrations; 10 Ordination; 11 Mean; 13 Tenets; 14 Demoniac; 16 National; 17 Cretan; 19 Cool; 20 Night nurse; 22 Mad as a hornet; 23 Antipathetical. DOWN: 1 Supporting cast; 2 Coordination; 3 Extinction; 4 Yeasty; 5 Slipover; 6 Arne; 7 Transcendental; 9 Peristeronic; 12 Pouring out; 15 Kalidasa; 18 Sheath; 21 Taxi.

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